

ART OF BEGGARY

PROFESSIONAL MENDICANTS IN NEW YORK AND THEIR WAYS.

How the Great Charity Organizations Detect Impostors—Looking For a Job—Going the Rounds With a Detective—Working a Parade Solitarily.

(Special Correspondence.)
NEW YORK, Aug. 13.—"Get up and give a account of yourself," said a quiet looking man in citizen's dress to a young fellow who had just come back against the Forty-second street wall of the old Fifth avenue reservoir and held out his battered felt hat to every passerby. The young fellow did not realize that he had fallen in with the one man in New York that he least desired to see, the chief beggar detective of the Charity Organization society. But he realized that the other spoke with authority, and without a word of protest he rose and leaned upon his crutch. He was a tall, well made youth of less than 25, with a handsome, sensitive face, complexion for a strong, straight nose and full, well cut lips.

Beggar Detectives.
The few beggar detectives in New York are all employed by the Charity Organization society. They have the laws and ordinances touching beggars at their finger ends, and they know every one of the city's permanent mendicant population. It is the business of these men as far as possible to protect the honest beggars by clearing the streets of all such as are not entitled to the privilege of the city's streets to beg, and it is the further duty of the beggar detectives to investigate every mendicant that seems deserving and to rescue him from the pit into which he has fallen. The police give themselves small concern as to beggars and gladly see all responsibility in the matter assumed by the Charity Organization society.

As the young fellow began and the detective stood close to face the latter took out a tiny notebook and put the young man through a brief catechism. His eyes twinkled and his lips trembled as question after question was asked, but he answered without hesitation. His story was that he had lost his leg nearly two years before while competing cars. He had been unable to find work after a long stay in a hospital, and having taken to beggary finally drifted to New York. He had been four months in the city plying his profession, mainly down town.

"You say you want a better way of getting on, don't you?" asked the detective. "I don't know," answered the young man doggedly. "I'm lucky if I get enough for food and lodging, and have a few cents left in my pocket."

"Go and sell newspapers," said the detective at length. "And don't let me catch you again begging, or I'll send you up." As the poor man looked off, ready to leave, the detective's companion called him back.

"What will he do?" asked the detective. "Go to the police," answered the detective. "He'll not take your advice about selling newspapers."

A Profitable Calling.
"He's No. 1," said the detective at a 10 cent lodging house, with a few equal beggars, and the sentiment of the place is against him. He thinks I'm a police detective assigned to this precinct, so he'll move into another and go on begging. Then I'll catch him in time and send him to the police. He'll stay there six months, and then he'll get a license to sell pencils, and then we can't touch him, though he'll be a beggar all the same. Those fellows are mostly old women and blind men. Their pencils cost about 30 cents a gross and are retailed at 5 cents each. He must persuade the nickel and decline the pencil. They really get rid of very few pencils, but I've known a blind pencil seller to take in nearly \$20 in a single day."

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OUT IN THE COLD WORLD.

He had lost his leg nearly two years before while competing cars. He had been unable to find work after a long stay in a hospital, and having taken to beggary finally drifted to New York. He had been four months in the city plying his profession, mainly down town.

"You say you want a better way of getting on, don't you?" asked the detective. "I don't know," answered the young man doggedly. "I'm lucky if I get enough for food and lodging, and have a few cents left in my pocket."

"Go and sell newspapers," said the detective at length. "And don't let me catch you again begging, or I'll send you up."

As the poor man looked off, ready to leave, the detective's companion called him back.

"What will he do?" asked the detective. "Go to the police," answered the detective. "He'll not take your advice about selling newspapers."

A Profitable Calling.

"He's No. 1," said the detective at a 10 cent lodging house, with a few equal beggars, and the sentiment of the place is against him. He thinks I'm a police detective assigned to this precinct, so he'll move into another and go on begging. Then I'll catch him in time and send him to the police. He'll stay there six months, and then he'll get a license to sell pencils, and then we can't touch him, though he'll be a beggar all the same. Those fellows are mostly old women and blind men. Their pencils cost about 30 cents a gross and are retailed at 5 cents each. He must persuade the nickel and decline the pencil. They really get rid of very few pencils, but I've known a blind pencil seller to take in nearly \$20 in a single day."

As the detective and his companion walked northward along Fifth avenue they saw across the street a shabby old man, with a bundle,